THE Numb. 25.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Wednesday** Auguſt 31, to **Friday** September 2, 1709.

THERE are ſome Ladies in the World, whoſe Conſtitutions vary with their Circumſtances, and as their Husbands by Ingenuity and Application, gradually raiſe 'em to Riches and Honour, they as ſenſibly feel a decay of Nature, and grow tender, nice and delicate; for to be perfectly refin'd, is to be always out of order: *A certain Lady caught Cold with touching a Silver Spoon, the Day her Husband was made Judge, and kept her Chamber upon it ſix Weeks after*; Lady *Wou'd-be* is remark'd to be one of theſe, who formerly had the happineſs of being her ſelf, found Health no burthen to her, cou'd eat heartily without thinking it a fatigue, and ſlept ſo ſoundly, that the blowing up ten Powder Mills wou'd have hardly wak'd her: But ſince Sir *Politick* has been prefer'd at Court, ſhe grows Hoarſe at a Lady's wagging her Fan, is as apprehenſive of her Footman's courſe Voiſe, as ſome Women are of a Peal of Thunder, and frequently Swoons away in a high Colour; if ſhe pricks her Finger, the Surgeon is immediately ſent for, who cuts a *Diaculum* Plaiſter by a Silver Penny, and ſows it on with a bit of Cherry Colour Ribbon; the Doctor orders her a Draught to ſleep away the Pain, and the next Morning, *How-d'ye's* are ſent by all the Ladies in Town; if her Head does but ſhoot, a Bliſter is clapt on that moment, a Stitch carries her to the *Bath*, and ſhe can't propoſe to her ſelf the leaſt Interval of Health, till ſhe has drank the Waters at *Bourbon*. Yeſterday her Ladyſhip did me the Honour of a Viſit, ſhe proteſted 'twas the firſt ſhe had made ſince Sir *Politick*'s Patent paſs'd, having been ſo embarraſs'd with the *Spleen*, and the *Heſtericks* ſo prey'd upon her Spirits, that ſhe didn't think Nature wou'd have ever given her ſtrength to get into her Coach again. I complimented her Ladyſhip with looking extreamly well, and a moſt agreeable Colour; but, ſhe aſſur'd me, *That when ſhe had a high Colour ſhe was very ill, and when ſhe was pale, ſhe was at Death's Door.* I had the whole Hiſtory of her Ladyſhip's Indiſpoſition, her Acceſſes, Ragings, Intermiſſions, Metigations and Relapſes; ſhe complained mightily of the want of Appetite, that ſhe was wak'd exactly at Ten, forc'd down two Diſhes of Chocolate, and dos'd again; at Twelve ſhe had a Baſon of Watergruel well ſweetn'd, which went very much againſt her, at One ſhe triſl'd with ſome *Preſerves* in her Cloſet, and when ſhe ſat down to Dinner at Two, ſhe cou'd'nt eat a Mouthful: The Doctor adviſed her to abate one Diſh of Chocolate, to have her Watergruel thin and plain, and inſtead of Sweet-Meats, juſt an hour before Dinner, to eat *a Roaſted Apple*; but not caring to hazard her ſelf upon a ſingle Judgment, ſhe ſends for another Doctor, who was of the ſame Opinion; but being oblig'd to ſay ſomething for his Fee, deſired *the Apple might be a Golden Runnet:* Still dubious o' the matter, a third was ſummon'd, who highly approv'd both their Preſcriptions, being according to Collegiate Rules, but order'd, *That the Apple ſhou'd be roaſted upon a clean Brick, nicely waſh'd with Spring-Water.* The Company began to titter, and I was in ſome pain to prevent her Ladyſhip's obſerving it; I told her, (Plain-dealing) tho' an unfaſhionable Virtue was what I always valu'd my ſelf upon, that Affectation in any kind was Nature's ugliеſt Monſter, and only practis'd by vain Upſtarts, who have a wrong Notion of Grandeur, and wou'd fain act ſomething to diſtinguiſh themſelves from their former Equals, as well in Temper as Equipage: That true Quality have no Notion of *Spleen* and *Vapours*, they think Titles and great Eſtates ought to cure ill Tempers, and are ſo deſirous to prolong Nature and enjoy Fortune's Benefits, that Noblemen frequently dreſs their own Horſes, and Ladies buſtle early about their Dairies, to preſerve 'em in a ſtate of Health. I proceeded further, that tamp'ring with a good Conſtitution was very dangerous, and a medley of Slops often brought real Diſtempers upon People, not eaſily to be worn off, when they might have leiſure, too late, to repent the affectation of 'em; that ev'n Phyſitians laugh'd at their impertinent Ailings, encourag'd 'em only for the ſake of their Fees, and had publickly declar'd, they got double the Money by Ladies that wou'd be Sick, than by thoſe that really were ſo; then read to her the following Paragraph, out of a moſt Ingenious Author, to prove, that Court Practitioners are a parcel of Knaviſh Parafites, and what honeſt Phyſitians wou'd have told her.

'*Irene* is at great Expence convey'd to *Epidaurus* 'ſhe Viſits *Æſculapius* in his Temple, and conſults 'him about all her Ills; ſhe complains firſt, that ſhe's 'weary and fatigu'd, the God pronounces, *'Tis occaſi-'oned by the length of her Journey*; ſhe ſays, ſhe has no 'Stomach to her Supper, the Oracle orders her, *to eat 'the leſs Dinner*; ſhe adds, ſhe's troubl'd a Nights with 'broken Slumbers, he preſcribes her, *never to lye a Bed 'by Day*; ſhe asks, how her Groſsneſs may be prevent-'ed, the Oracle replies, *ſhe ought to riſe before Noon, 'and now and then make uſe of her Legs*; ſhe declares, 'that Wine diſagrees with her, the Oracle *bids her 'Drink Water*; that ſhe has a bad Digeſtion, he tells 'her, *ſhe muſt go into a Diet*; my Sight, ſays *Irene*, be-'gins to fail me, *uſe Spectacles*, ſays *Æſculapius*; I

grow

grow weak, continues she, I an't half so strong and healthy as I have been, *you grow Old*, says the God; 'but how, says she, shall I cure this Languishment, 'Why, *you must Die like your Grand-father and Grand-mother, if you'll get rid on't quickly.* What advice is 'this thou give'st me, thou Son of *Apollo*, cries *Irene?* 'Is this the mighty Skill which Men Praise and Wor-'ship thee for? What hast thou told me rare and 'mysterious? Did not I know thus much before? 'The God answers, *Why did you not put it in practice 'then, without coming so far out of your way to seek me, 'and shortning your Days by a tedious Journey to no 'purpose.*

Lady *Wou'd-be* was so sensible of her Vanity, and so out of Countenance at the false Steps she had taken to be a fine Lady, that I was forc'd to sweeten the roughness of *Æsculapius* with a Compliment, like giving her a Spoonful of *Julip* after a nauseous Medicine, to stifle a greater Confusion than I cou'd have imagin'd; I told her, that she was not the first Lady of admirable good Sense, that by false Observations and want of Experience, had fallen into the little Niceties of trifling Pretenders, which some People were mightily pleased with, and look'd upon 'em as Aires and Graces, but Standard Breeding suffer'd not the least allay of Pride, Vain Glory or Affectation. Her Ladyship staid Supper, and eat very heartily, walk'd a Mile afterwards without being the least tir'd, and went home throughly perswaded, *That Health was the greatest Blessing of Life, and that a Temper of Mind very much contributed to a good habit of Body; that to be easy with one's self, is the first Step to be so with other People, and that a Serene, smiling and an unaffected Aire, engages general Esteem, which is certainly to be a very happy Creature.*

'Mr. *Sapless* informing me, that the *British Apollo* 'Creatures were very *Witty* on *Wednesday* last, I dis-'patch'd *Francis* for one of 'em, who trotted like a 'Penny Post-man, before he cou'd meet with it; no 'Booksellers had 'em, the chief Coffee-houses have 'thrown 'em out these six Months, the Mercury Wo-'men laugh'd at him, and the Hawkers threw Dirt 'at him; but at last he found it pinn'd against *Bed-'lam Wall.* The Company laugh'd so immoderately 'at it, that they reconciled this seeming Contradicti-'on, *that the dullest Things often prove the Merriest*; 'but as very monstrous Jests cloy the soonest, after a 'general Shout, 'twas thrown by with Contempt. 'They were in an Uproar to vindicate their dulness 'without the least superficial Argument, pleausible 'Reflection, or witty Repartee; and if their Musick 'be no better than their Poetry, instead of a Ticket 'for their *Consort*, give me *Sternold* and *Hopkins* in a 'Country Church,——*Gimcrack to Crackenthorpe!* I'm 'afraid that thought *Crack'd* their Brains, their Muse at 'least must be a *Crack*, and since they are so fond of 'the Word *Crack*, now Small-Nuts are coming in Sea-'son, they may get each of 'em a Wheel-Barrow and 'cry *Crack-it away*; but their Similes are prodigious, 'that of the Fish-Wife ought to sell off an Impression 'of their *Quarterly Books*; a Fish Wife's Capacity is 'indeed a fine thing to describe. I fancy these *Arch-'Devils* have a roguish *double Entendre* in it; and for 'their saying, *All Ranks of People are received at Plays 'on equal Terms*, 'tis so lame an excuse for their ridicu-'lous *Consort*, that they ought eternally to blush for't. 'The *Theatre* has *Pit*, *Box* and *Galleries* for Distinctio-'on, and when the meaner sort have the assurance to 'crowd into the best Places, how they are jostl'd and 'ridicul'd; at *Consorts* of Note the Prices are extrava-'gant, purposely to keep out inferiour People; but as 'their Tickets are to be delivered *gratis* to each Sub-'scriber, ev'ry Purse-proud Ale-Wife thinks her self 'as good as Quality, and as she does 'em as much Ser-'vice, expects as forward a Seat; and what Woman 'o' Fashion will lessen her Character, or care to have 'her Cloaths sullied by sitting *Jig* by *Jole* with *Apollo's* 'Taplashes: In short, they are a pack of very silly 'Fellows, tho they so wonderfully praise themselves; 'nay, ill-manner'd Fellows. Mrs. *Crackenthorpe's* a Gen-'tlewoman, and had her Reflections on 'em been ne-'ver so groundless, they might have answer'd her 'Civilly, and without rendring their Society so very 'abject, as Notionally to admit a *Groom* amongst 'em; 'had I a *Groom* that understood Horses no better than 'they do Arts and Sciences, I'd not only strip him of 'his Livery, but have him ship'd off in the *Scoundrel 'Galley.*

*** *Several good for nothing Actresses being reduc'd for want of Plays, are desirous to be admitted into Families; 'tis true, they are so from the Housewifes, that they are not capable of setting a stitch in their ragged Head Cloaths, having been altogether bred to Coquettry, Intriguing, Revelling, and taking a prodigious deal of Snuff; they think themselves fit Companions for Noblemen's Daughters, having as high a taste of Breeding, Diversions and Entertainments; they'll call Lords,* Fellows, *rail at tawdry Damasks in dirty Callico Roppers, and talk of* Champaign *and* Ortelans *with as good a Grace, as e're a Lady at* St James's: *Therefore if any Person of Quality,* for they han't their Healths in the City, *is willing to entertain such Cattel, they hang out ev'ry* Sunday *Night at the* Bird's Nest *in* Vinegar-*Square, which every Gentleman that brings Tea, Sugar, and an Ounce or two of Orangery, will be received with utmost Civility, fulsomely flattered to his Face, and the Moment he is gone, scandalously taken to pieces, having perhaps refused one of 'em his Silver-Snuff-box.*

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *desires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to insert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-Lane.

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